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W. G. BURKHEAD, - Editor.

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All correspondents are hereby notified that to insure the insertion of their communications they must furnish us with their true names and addresses, which we shall not publish unless so directed. We are not responsible for the return of communications to the editor.

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MY ANGEL.

Slowly the night is falling,
Falling down from the hill,
And all in the low green valley,
The dew lies heavy and chill.
The crickets cry in the hedger,
And the bats are circling low,
And like ghosts through the blossoming
The glimmering night-moths go.
Hand in hand through the twilight
Come the children, every one,
Flashed with their eager frolic,
Tawny with wind and sun;
Home from the sunny upland,
Where the sweet wild berries grow,
Home from the tangled thicket,
Where the nuts are ripening slow.
They mock at the owl's wailing laughter,
And the cricket's lonesome cry,
And the early swallows' chirp,
And the lark's dawn song;
Late through the darkening sky,
And steadily gliding after
Through the dusk of the shadowy street,
Come their little angel sister,
Star-walking from her head to her feet—
Never crossing the threshold,
Come they early or late;
With her empty hands on her bosom
She steps at the cottage gate,
I stretch out my hands in longing,
But she shakes from my asking sight,
As a little white cloud at morning
Vanishes into the light.
And spite of the shining garments
I fold about her now,
And spite of the deadliness beauty
I frown her lip and brow,
I wish for one passionate moment
She sat on my knee again;
On her feet so soft and tender
The dust and the earthy stain,
For missing her morning and evening,
The bitterest thought must be
That she had no blessed kindred,
The child had no loved ones,
And counting her lonely birthdays
I saw in my jealous rage,
The babe that lay on my bosom
Half grown to maiden form,
And now I find of the glory
Her new life as she shines,
Could I guess the beautiful changing
Had ever on earth been mine?
I should veil my eyes at her splendor,
But never forget her in longing,
For the clinging hands of my baby,
And the mouth that kissed me,
Yet though in my human blindness
I cannot follow His way,
Who counts in his glorious eyes
A thousand reasons for His love,
Whenever I cross the tide,
Mine own will He surely guide,
And I shall be satisfied.

POPULAR OPINION.

declared in those days, "Blessed is the merchant who has a castle down on the banks of Lake Tiberias." This young man said, "Blessed are the poor." Popular opinion said in those days, "Blessed are those who live amid statuary, and fountains, and gardens, and congratulations, and all kinds of festivity." This young man responded, "Blessed are they that mourn." Public opinion in those days said, "Blessed is the Roman eagle, the flap of whose wings startles nations, and the plunge of whose sword from heaven inflicts cruelty upon its enemies." This young man responded, "Blessed are the merciful." Popular opinion said, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." In other words, if a man knocks your eye out, knock his out. If a man breaks your tooth, break his. Retort for retort; sarcasm for sarcasm; irony for irony; persecution for persecution; wound for wound. Christ said, "I pray for them that despitefully use you."
They looked at his eye, it was like any other man's eye, except perhaps more speaking. They felt his hand, made of bone and muscle and nerves and flesh, just like any other hand. Yet what bold treatment of subjects, what supernatural demands, what

STRANGE DOCTRINE!

They felt the solid earth under them, and yet Christ said: "I bear up the pillars of this world." They looked at the moon. He said, "I will turn it into blood." They looked at the sea. He said, "I will hush it." They looked at the stars. He said, "I will shake them down like untimely figs." Did ever one so young say things so bold? It was all against Him.
After the battle of Antioch, when a general rode along the lines, although the soldiers were lying down exhausted, they rose with great enthusiasm and huzzas. As Napoleon returned from his captivity, his first step on the wharf shook all the kingdoms, and two hundred and fifty thousand men thronged to his standard. It took three thousand troops to watch him in his exile. So there have been men of wonderful magnetism of person. But hear me when I tell you of a poor young man who came up from Nazareth to produce a thrill which has never been excited by any other. Napoleon had around him the memories of Marengo, and Ansterlitz, and Jena; but here was a man who had fought no battles, who won no empires, who brandished no sword. He had, probably, never seen a prince, or shaken hands with a nobleman.
I imagine Christ one day standing in the streets of Jerusalem. A man descended from high lineage is standing beside Him and says: "My father was a merchant prince. He had a castle on the beach in Galilee. Who was your father?" Christ answers: "Joseph, the carpenter." A man from Athens is standing there, unrolling his parchment of grammar, and says to Christ: "Where did you go to school?" Christ answers: "I never graduated." Ah! the idea of such

AN UNHERALDED YOUNG MAN.

attempting to command the attention of the world! As well some little fishing village on Long Island shore attempt to arraign New York. Yet no sooner does He set His foot in the twos or cities of Judea than everything is in commotion. The people go out on a picnic, taking only food enough for a day, yet are so fascinated with Christ that, at the risk of starving, they follow Him out into the wilderness. A nobleman falls down before him and says: "My daughter is dead." A beggar tries to rub the dimness from his eyes, and says: "Lord, that my eyes may be opened." A poor, sick, panting woman presses through the crowd and says: "I must touch the hem of His garment." Children who love their mother better than any one else struggle to get into His arms, and to kiss His cheek, and to run their fingers through His hair, and for all time putting Jesus in love with the little ones that there is hardly a nursery in Christendom from which He does not take one, saying: "I must have them. I will fill heaven with these; for every cedar that I plant in heaven I will have fifty white lilies. In the hour when I was a poor man in Judea they were not ashamed of me, and now that I have come to a throne I do not despise them. Hold not back, O weeping mother! Lay it on my warm heart. Of such is the kingdom of heaven."
Again, I remark, there was

NO ORGANIZATION.

in His behalf, and that was against Him. When men propose a great work they band together, they write letters of agreement, they take oaths of fealty; and the more and complete the organization the more and complete the success. Here was one who went forth without any organization and alone. If men had a mind to join in His company, all right; if they had a mind not to join in His company, all well. If no loud salutation; if they went away they were sent with no bitter anathema. Peter departed, and Christ turned and looked at him. That was all! All this was against Him. Did any one ever undertake such an enterprise amidst such

INFINITE EMBARRASMENTS.

and by such modes? And yet I am here to say it ended in a complete triumph. Notwithstanding His worldly occupation, His poverty, His plain face, His unpre-

WE HAVE A SYMPATHIZER.

You cannot tell Christ anything new about hardship. I do not think that wide ages of eternity will take the scars from his punctured side, and his lacerated temples, and his sore hands. You will never have a burden weighing so many pounds as that which Christ carried up the bloody hill. You will never have any suffering worse than he endured when, with tongue hot, and cracked, and inflamed, and swollen, he moaned: "Thirst." You will never be surrounded by worse hostility than that which stood around Christ's feet, foaming, reviling, livid with rage, howling down his prayers and snuffing up the smell of blood. Oh! ye faint-hearted, oh! ye troubled, oh! ye persecuted one, here is a heart that can sympathize with you!
Again, and lastly, I learn from all that has been said this morning, that Christ was actually in earnest. If it had not been

A MOMENTOUS MISSION.

He would have turned back from it disgusted and discouraged. He saw you in a captivity from which he was resolved to extricate you, though it cost him his sweat, all tears, all life. He came from heaven to save you. He came from Bethlehem here, through the place of skulls, through the charnel house, through banishment. There was not among all the ranks of celestials one who could do as much for you. I lay his crushed heart at your feet to-day.
It is not to be told in heaven that you deliberately put your foot on it. While it will take all the ages of eternity to celebrate Christ's triumph, I am here to make the startling announcement that because of the rejection of this mission on the part of some of you, all that magnificent work of garden, and cross, and grave is, so far as you are concerned, a failure.

HELENA, THE EMPRESS.

went to the Holy Land to find the tomb of her husband. The Holy Land there were three crosses erected, and the question was which of the three crosses was Christ's cross. They took a dead body, tradition says, and put it upon one of the crosses, and there was no life; and they took the dead body and put it upon another cross, and there was no life. But tradition says when the dead body was put up against the third cross it sprang into life. The dead man lived again. Oh, that the life-giving power of the Son of God might start your dead soul into an eternal life, beginning this day!

CHRIST'S FINISHED WORK.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Sunday Morning, Oct. 24th.
I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do."
It is a profound satisfaction in the completion of anything we have undertaken. We lift the stone with exultation, while, on the other hand, there is nothing more disappointing than, after having toiled in a certain direction, to find that our time is wasted and our investment profitless. Christ came

HIS POVERTY.

was against Him. It requires money to build great enterprises. Men of means are afraid of a penniless projector, lest a loan be demanded. It requires money to print books, to build institutions, to pay instructors. No wonder the wise men of Christ's time laughed at this penniless Christ. "Why," they said, "who is to charter the ships to carry the missionaries? Who is to pay the salaries of the teachers? Shall wealthy Judaism be discomfited by a penniless Christ?"
The consequence was, that most of the people that followed Christ had nothing to lose. Wealthy Joseph, of Arimathea, buried Christ, but he risked no social position in doing that. It is always safe to bury a dead man. Zachæus risked no wealth or social position in following Christ, but took a position in a tree to look down as he passed. Nicodemus, wealthy Nicodemus, risked nothing of social position in following Christ, for he skulked by night to find Him. All this was against Him. So the fact that He was

NOT REGULARLY GRADUATED.

was against Him. If a man comes with the diplomas of colleges and schools, and the logic of sciences, and he has been through foreign travel, the world is disposed to listen. There was a man who had graduated at no college, had not fit any academy, by ordinary means, learned the alphabet of a language he spoke, and yet he proposed to talk, to instruct in subjects which had confounded the mightiest intellects. John says: "The Jews marvelled, saying, how hath this man letters, having never learned?"
Well, the human race had been hurt with the glaucoma of all worlds—that of sin. It was the business of Christ to bring a balm for that wound—the balm of divine restoration. In carrying this business to a successful issue the difficulties were stupendous.
In many of our plans we have our friends to help us. Some to draw a sketch of the plan, others to help us in the execution. But Christ fought every inch of His way against bitter hostility, and amid circumstances all calculated to depress and defeat. In the first place, His worldly

REPUTATION WAS AGAINST HIM.

I find that He carried His livelihood by the carpenter's trade—an occupation always to be highly regarded and respected. But you know, as well as I do, that in order to succeed in any employment, one must give his entire time to it, and I have to declare that the fatigues of carpentry were unfavorable to the execution of a mission which required all mental and physical faculties. Through illness, hard dry, lusk, insensate Christ, had to bet a way for a new and glorious dispensation was a stupendous undertaking, that was enough to demand all the concentrated energies even of Christ. We have a great many romantic stories about what men with physical toil have accomplished in intellectual departments; but you know that after a man has been toiling all day with adze, saw and hammer, plane and ax, almost all he can do to rest

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS PRESENTS.

Among the wedding presents tendered President Cleveland last June was a grand piano, the gift of Mr. William Steingway, of New York. It has been subject to his order, and yesterday was sent over to "Red Top" and placed in the parlor. Speaking of the piano, the President has been told that during President Grant's term nearly every room in the White House was furnished with a piano until the number got so large that the servants' room in the basement had to be used to store them in. Nearly every maker of pianos in the country thought it a duty to present the General with being over half a mile away. The number of the White House was the first known of their coming. President Cleveland in accepting bridal gifts has taken care that none of them enter into the furnishing of the White House. Nearly every article of the many received will be utilized in the country house at "Red Top." The only convenience the house will not have is gas, the nearest gas main being over half a mile away. The cost of running one out to "Red Top" would be too great for the benefit conferred, so that the elegant candelabras presented to Mrs. Cleveland will furnish part of the parlor and dining-room decoration.

REPUBLICANS MET AT SENATOR DAWES.

Senator Henry L. Dawes was one of the speakers at a Republican rally held recently in Boston. The manner in which he received showed that he had had his hold on the Republicans in this part of the State. No sooner had he begun his address than the entire audience began to yawn and scrape their feet. This was followed by the ringing of electric bells, hooting and cheering for John D. Long, the opponent of Mr. Dawes in the coming Senatorial contest. The meeting became so boisterous that Gov. Robinson was compelled to inform the audience that he was presiding over the meeting and that they could preside at some other meeting. He was obliged to come to the rescue of the Senator no less than three times. The affair is now talk and ex-Gov. Long's friends refer to it as a very significant straw.

WE THANK YOU, WE HOPE WE DESERVE IT.

Progress in North Carolina is not confined to any one department, but extends to all lines of thought and industry. The educational institutions are steadily advancing, while the people manifest a growing interest in their work by contributing more and more liberally to their support. They also attend in greater numbers than ever before the public exercises of the common and private schools, and they hold the teacher's calling in as much respect as they do any of the learned professions.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT.

Senator Wade Hampton is visiting his family in Hampton.
The young Prince Louis Napoleon is in New York, and will remain there until after the Barthold statue is dedicated.
Abram S. Hewitt is sixty-four, slight but wiry in frame, stout-shouldered and narrow-chested, but big-hearted than millions of men twice his weight.
Before he turned journalist and political economist, Henry George was a sailor. He should, therefore, be peculiarly prepared for his forthcoming voyage up Salt River.
The combined capital of the Rothschilds is estimated at \$1,000,000,000. Half of this has been gained within the last twenty-five years, and the whole of it in scarcely more than a century.
A few weeks ago P. T. Barnum, of Bridgeport, made a liberal contribution for the Charleston people. Since then, when his circus was showing there, the receipts amounted to \$14,000 in one day.
Editor Haskell, of the Pittsfield (Me.) Advertiser, who has just married a lady in Alabama, sent up from the South to his paper this felicitous dispatch: "No North, no South, but a happy union."
Miss Frances E. Willard gave the address of welcome to the Rock River M. E. Conference, which met at Evansville, Ill., last month. This is the first time a woman has been invited to greet such an assembly.
A Mr. Henry O'Reilly died recently, who forty years ago, wanted to put up a telegraph line between Philadelphia and New York. But the railroad company refused him the right of way on the ground, that the telegraph would enable people to do business without the railroad.
Hon. H. R. Jackson, ex-Minister to Mexico, has arrived at his home in Georgia. He says the future of Mexico is full of promise, though the donkey is still a formidable rival of the steam engine. He says that Diaz is not only a soldier, but a man of extraordinary ability as a statesman.
Senator Lyman Trumbull lives in a modest wooden cottage on the south side of Chicago, near the Douglass monument. He is very democratic in his ways and appearance, and a few days ago was seen superintending some repairs to the sidewalk in front of his residence. His figure is erect and he looks as young as he did thirty years ago.
A. P. T. Elder, of Libertyville, Ill., said that he was in receipt of a letter from her physician in New York, certifying that Miss Cleveland's health is entirely broken down, and he forbids her devoting her energies to the excessive labors of editorial work. Unless there is soon a change in Miss Cleveland's health, she will spend the winter in the south of France or in Florida.
Mr. Charles F. Brush, of the Brush Electric Light Company, owns one of the largest and costliest stone residences in this country. He is determined that the walk leading through his grounds, from the street to his front door, shall be a true work of art. He has spent some hours of his busy days in instructing his workmen how to lay it, often getting down on his hands and knees in order to draw the line.
Mr. Cleveland's hopes for a second term appear to have materialized in the form of words, according to the information of the Chicago Inter-Ocean. A dispatch from Washington to that journal says: "John Wiley, Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of Erie county, N. Y., is here. He is reported to have said that the President informed him that he had changed his mind as to a second term since he has been in Washington, and he now looks for a renomination."—New York Sun.
At a reception given to the Taylor brothers, in Gallatin on Tuesday, three cakes on the banquet board attracted general attention. One, which was the central ornament of the table, was the figure of a man filling, and around the borders was the inscription: "The Mountain Fiddler Wade Hampton." Another was fringed with white ornaments, and on it was the inscription: "The Next Governor." And still another was trimmed with red, and its border was fringed with white. It was the inscription: "The Next Governor's Brother."
Mr. Blaine, in his Pittsburgh speech, said: "We have lived to see negro suffrage in the South, as usual, behind the times. He is living in the dead past. Under Republican rule in the South negro suffrage was 'destroyed' in the sense that Mr. Blaine used the word. Negro suffrage was then a mockery, as the negroes were driven to the polls like cattle and made to vote according to the dictation of their Republican masters. But that is over. Now the negro can vote as he pleases."
David L. Yulee was flesh, and he had the passions with which flesh is peppered. But often, if not every time, he mastered his spirit with mightier efforts than are required to tame a city. But his restless pulse quiet now; his busy brain is a dark senseless void, and there's dust on the eloquent lips. In life his walk was dignified, pure, elephantine and pathfinding. And now that he has walked out into the ebullient and viewless beyond, we know it is well with him in the country to which he has gone. He has passed away, and people say he is dead, while they mean he has just begun to live.

Hold the Fort, I Am Coming.

Gov. Converse, whose appointment as postmaster of Boston is announced, is the man to whom Gen. Sherman signalled: "Hold the fort. I am coming." From beleaguered Altoona, Converse signalled back: "I am minus an ear and part of a jaw, but I can lick all hell—yet." The reply somehow does not seem to have fitted into the hymn.